



69-17F

Youth.

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Y

P O E M S
OF
Y O U T H .

"What is youth? a dancing billow;
Winds behind and rocks before."



BOSTON:
GEORGE COOLIDGE,
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POEMS OF YOUTH.



SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half-impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

HERE'S TO THEE, MY SCOTTISH LASSIE.

HERE'S to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a
hearty health to thee,
For thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and
thy step so firm and free;
For all thine artless elegance, and all thy native
grace,
To the music of thy mirthful voice, and the sun-
shine of thy face;
For thy guileless look and speech sincere, yet
sweet as speech can be—
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a
hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! Though my
glow of youth is o'er,
And I, as once I felt and dreamed, must feel and
dream no more;
Though the world, with all its frosts and storms,
has chilled my soul at last,
And genius with the foodful looks of youthful
friendship passed;
Though my path is dark and lonely, now o'er this
world's dreary sea,
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a
hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie ! though I know
that not for me
Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy
step so firm and free ;
Though thou, with cold and careless looks, wilt
often pass me by,
Unconscious of my swelling heart, and of my
wistful eye ;
Though thou wilt wed some Highland love, nor
waste one thought on me,
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie, here's a hearty
health to thee !

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie ! when I meet
thee in the throng
Of merry youths and maidens dancing light-
somerly along,
I'll dream away an hour or twain, still gazing on
thy form
As it flashes through the baser crowd, like light-
ning through a storm ;
And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand, and share
thy looks of glee,
And for once, my Scottish lassie, dance a giddy
dance with thee !

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie ! I shall think
of thee at even,
When I see its first and fairest star come smiling
up through heaven ;

I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice in every
wind that grieves,
As it whirls from the abandoned oak its withered
autumn leaves ;
In the gloom of the wild forest, in the stillness
of the sea,
I shall think, my Scottish lassie, I shall often
think of thee !

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie ! In my sad
and lonely hours
The thought of thee comes o'er me like the breath
of distant flowers :
Like the music that enchants mine ear, the sights
that bless mine eye,
Like the verdure of the meadow, like the azure of
the sky,
Like the rainbow in the evening, like the blossoms
on the tree,
Is the thought, my Scottish lassie, is the lonely
thought of thee !

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie ! — here's a
parting health to thee !
May thine be still a cloudless lot, though it be far
from me !
May still thy laughing eye be bright, and open
still thy brow,
Thy thoughts as pure, thy speech as free, thy
heart as light as now !

And whatsoe'er my after fate, my dearest toast
shall be—
Still a health, my Scottish lassie! still a hearty
health to thee!

Eliza Cook.

FAIRY MAY.

COME hither, little Fairy May,
My bride if you will be,
I'll give you silks and satins bright,
Most beautiful to see;
I'll bring you to my castle hall,
'Mid lords and ladies gay:
"No, thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May!

Says mother, "He's a proper youth;
Say yes, girl, there's a dearie;"
"Say no, Miss Pride!" her father cried,
"I'd only like to hear ye!"
But still, for all that they could do,
And all that they could say,
"No, thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May!

"Come, Fairy May, your words unsay,
 You silly little goosie !
 You know within your heart of hearts,
 You wouldn't like to lose me ;
 You'll never see me here again,
 If once I go away : "
 " Well, sir, and much I care for that ! "
 Quoth little Fairy May.

" Lose such a prize ! " her father cries ;
 " Say yes — or else I'll make ye ! "
 Her mother scolds — " A wilful chit,
 I've half a mind to shake ye ! "
 But still, for all that they could do,
 And all that they could say,
 " No, thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
 Quoth little Fairy May.

C. W. Goodhart.

BEAUTY.

COMPARE her eyes
 Not to the sun, for they do shine by night :
 Not to the moon, for they are changing never :
 Not to the stars, for they have purer light :
 Not to the fire, for they consume not ever :
 But to the Maker's self, they likest be,
 Whose light doth lighten all things here we see.

Spenser.

A NOBLE YOUTH.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb, blackened fingers makes her
fire —

At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened window
pane —

And wonders how she lives, and what the
thoughts

Of that poor drudge must be ; so Rustum eyed
The unknown, adventurous youth, who, from afar,
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs : long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was.
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared ;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and
straight,

Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight, dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound —
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming.

M. Arnold.

THE WORLD IS BRIGHT BEFORE THEE.

TO * * * *

THE world is bright before thee ;
Its summer flowers are thine ;
Its calm, blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom pleasure's shrine ;
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away ;
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not, though lonely
Thy evening home may be ;
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea ;
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still, beyond his art,
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart.

James Percival.

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!

Let us glide adown thy stream

Gently—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream.

Humble voyagers are we,

Husband, wife, and children three—

(One is lost—an angel fled

To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!

We've not proud nor soaring wings:

Our ambition, our content,

Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,

O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,

Seeking only some calm clime;—

Touch us gently, gentle Time!

Barry Corneall.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN, with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies ;—

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run ;—

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet ;—

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse.

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O, thou child of many prayers,
Life hath quicksands, — life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares.

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ;—
Age that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal, —

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE KISS.

WHEN I asked her, "Wilt thou kiss me?"
Nought she said, but hung her cheek so,
As if she were thinking, thinking,
Whether she might do 't or no.

Then her fair, kind face upturning,
One sweet touch I here did win,
As if she were thinking, thinking,
Such small graces are no sin.

She therein lost no composure,
Nor ashamed did she seem;
Truly chaste may grant such favor,
And therein lose no esteem.

W. C. Roscoe.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

CRABBED Age and Youth
Cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like Summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee ;
O, my love, my love is young !
Age, I do defy thee ;
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

Shakspeare.

JIMMY'S WOOING.

THE wind came blowing out of the west,
And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
The wind came blowing out of the west,
It stirred the green leaves out of their rest,
And rocked the bluebird up in his nest,
And Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And rustling leaves made pleasant sound,
Like children babbling all around,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
As Jimmy mowed the hay ;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With her light foot so trim and sly,
And sunburned cheek, and laughing eye,
And Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown —
And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown —
He watched her soft cheeks changing brown,
And the long, dark lash that trembled down
Whenever he looked that way.

O, Milly's heart was good as gold —
And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
O, Milly's heart was good as gold,
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more he thought than ere he told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under the thatch of the laden train,
Jimmy and Milly, a cunning twain,
Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain drops hurried in
Under the thatch of hay ;
The merry rain drops hurried in,
And laughed and pattered in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay ;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest —
And then I'll swear she looked her best
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out,
 Over the ruined hay ;
 And when the sun came laughing out,
 Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
 And twittering birds began to shout,
 As if for a wedding day.



BEAUTY.

WHAT is the blooming tincture of the skin
 To peace of mind and harmony within ?
 What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
 To the soft soothing of a calm reply ?
 Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
 With comeliness of words or deeds compare ?
 No : — those at first the unwary heart may gain ;
 But these, these only, can the heart retain.

Gay.

YOUTH

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YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

YOUTH, that pursuest with such eager pace
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race :
Then stay ! O, stay !

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain ;
Loiter, — enjoy :
Once past, thou never wilt come back again
A second boy.

The hills of manhood wear a noble face,
When seen from far ;
The mist of light from which they take their grace
Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know,
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow !

Pause, while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy
Which, all too fast, [gain,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
A man at last !

Milnes.

GINEVRA.

SHE was an only child — her name Ginevra, —
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent father ;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gayety,
 Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
 Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the nuptial feast,
 When all sat down, the bride herself was want-
 ing,

Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
 “ ’Tis but to make a trial of our love ! ”

And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

’Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing, and looking back, and flying still,
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger —
 But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
 Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed,
 But that she was not !

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Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turks.
Orsini lived ; and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something —
Something he could not find — he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless, then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas
said,

By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
“ Why not remove it from its lurking place ? ”
'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and lo ! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished — save a wedding-ring
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both —
“ Ginevra.”

There, then, had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever !

Samuel Rogers.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb,
Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth ;
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather ;
O, they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Montgomery.

LUCY.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower ;
Then Nature said, " A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

" Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse ; and with me,
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

" She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm,
Of mute insensate things.

" The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her, for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born, of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake — the work was done —
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

Wordsworth.

I SAW THY FORM.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale Decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary,
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath ;
And life ne'er looked more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary !

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary,
So, veiled beneath the simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone ;
And that, which charmed all other eyes,
Seemed worthless in thy own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere ;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary !
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary !

ISABEL.

IN the most early morn
I rise from a damp pillow, tempest-tost,
To seek the sun with silent gaze forlorn,
And mourn for thee, my lost
Isabel.

That early hour I meet
The daily vigil of my life to keep,
Because there are no other lights so sweet,
Or shades so long and deep,
Isabel,

And best I think of thee
Beside the duskiest shade and brightest sun,
Whose mystic lot in life it was to be
Outshone, outwept by none,
Isabel.

Men said that thou wert fair :
There is no brightness in the heaven above,
There is no balm upon the summer air
Like thy warm love,
Isabel.

Men saw that thou wert bright ·
There is no wildness in the winds that blow,
There is no darkness in the winter's night
Like thy dark woe,
Isabel.

And yet thy path did miss
Men's footsteps : in their haunts thou hadst no joy ;
The thoughts of other worlds were thine in this ;
In thy sweet piety, and in thy bliss
And grief, for life too coy,
Isabel.

And so my heart's despair
Looks for thee ere the firstling smoke hath curled ;
While the wrapped earth is at her morning prayer,
Ere yet she putteth on her workday air,
And robes her for the world,
Isabel.

When the sun-burst is o'er,
My lonely way about the world I take,
Doing and saying much, and feeling more,
And all things for thy sake,
Isabel.

But never once I dare
To see thine image till the day be new,
And lip hath sullied not the unbreathed air,
And waking eyes are few,
Isabel.

Then that lost form appears,
Which was a joy to few on earth but me ;
In the young light I see thy guileless glee,
In the deep dews thy tears,
Isabel.

So with Promethean moan,
In widowhood renewed, I learn to grieve ;
Blest with one only thought — that I alone
Can fade ; that thou, thro' years, shall still shine on
In beauty, as in beauty art thou gone,
Thou morn that knew no eve,
Isabel.

In beauty art thou gone ;
As some bright meteor gleams across the night,
Gazed on by all, but understood by none,
And dying by its own excess of light,
Isabel.

Sydney Dobell.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

" Try not the pass ! " the old man said ;
" Dark lowers the tempest overhead ;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! "
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night:
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

NEW ENGLAND'S MOUNTAIN CHILD.

WHERE foams the fall, a tameless storm,
Through Nature's wild and rich arcade,
Which forest trees, entwining, form,
There trips the mountain maid.

She binds not her luxuriant hair
With dazzling gem or costly plume,
But gayly wreathes a rosebud there,
To match her maiden bloom.

She clasps no golden zone of pride
Her fair and simple robe around ;
By flowing ribbon, lightly tied,
Its graceful folds are bound.

And thus attired, — a sportive thing,
Pure, loving, guileless, bright, and wild, —
Proud Fashion, match me, in your ring,
New England's mountain child !

She scorns to sell her rich, warm heart
For paltry gold, or haughty rank ;
But gives her love, untaught by art,
Confiding, free, and frank.

And, once bestowed, no fortune-change
That high and generous faith can alter ;
Through grief and pain — too pure to range —
She will not fly or falter.

Her foot will bound as light and free
 In lowly hut, as palace hall ;
 Her sunny smile as warm will be, —
 For Love to her is all.

Hast seen where in our woodland gloom
 The rich magnolia proudly smiled ?
 So brightly doth she bud and bloom,
 New England's mountain child.

Frances E. Osgood.

— — —
 LUCY HOOPER, 1816-1841.

AND thou art gone, sweet daughter of the lyre !
 Whose strains we hoped to hear thee waken
 long ;

Gone, as the stars in morning's light expire, —

Gone, like the capture of a passing song ;

Gone from a circle who thy gifts have cherished

With gentle fondness and devoted care,

Whose dearest hopes, with thee, have sadly per-
 ished,

And now our find no solace but in prayer ;

Prayer to be like thee, in so meekly bearing.

Both joy and sorrow from thy Maker's hand ;

Prayer to put on the white robes thou art wear-
 ing,

And join thy anthem in the better land.

H. T. Pickens.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not ; and yet, now he is gone,
 I feel I am alone.
 I checked him while he spoke ; yet, could he speak,
 Alas ! I would not check.
 For reasons not to love him once I sought,
 And wearied all my thought
 To vex myself and him ; I now would give
 My love, could he but live
 Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
 'Twas vain, in holy ground
 He hid his face amid the shades of death :
 I waste for him my breath
 Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns ;
 And this lone bosom burns
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart ; for years
 Wept he as bitter tears !
 " Merciful God ! " such was his latest prayer,
 " These may she never share ! "
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
 Than daisies in the mould,
 Where childrens' spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
 His name, and life's brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle souls, when'er ye be,
 And O ! pray, too, for me !

Walter Savage Landor.

THE DREAM OF LOVE.

I'VE had the heart-ache many times
At the mere mention of a name
I've never woven in my rhymes,
Though from it inspiration came.
It is in truth a holy thing,
Life-cherished from the world apart —
A dove that never tries its wing,
But broods and nestles in the heart.

That name of melody recalls
Her gentle look and winning ways,
Whose portrait hangs on Memory's walls,
In the fond light of other days.
In the dream-land of Poetry,
Reclining in its leafy bowers,
Her bright eyes in the stars I see,
And her sweet semblance in the flowers.

Her artless dalliance and grace —
The joy that lighted up her brow —
The sweet expression of her face —
Her form — it stands before me now !
And I can fancy that I hear
The woodland songs she used to sing,
Which stole to my attending ear,
Like the first harbingers of spring.

The beauty of the earth was hers,
And hers the purity of heaven !
Alone, of all her worshippers,
To me her maiden vows were given.
They little know the human heart,
Who think such love with time expires ;
Once kindled, it will ne'er depart,
But burn through life with all its fires.

We parted — doomed no more to meet —
The blow fell with a stunning power —
And yet my pulse will strangely beat
At the remembrance of that hour !
But time and change their healing brought,
And years have passed in seeming gloe ;
But still alone of her I've thought
Who's now a memory to me.

There may be many who will deem
This strain a wayward, youthful folly,
To be derided as a dream
Born of the poet's melancholy.
The wealth of worlds, if it were mine,
With all that follows in its train,
I would with gratitude resign,
To dream that dream of love again.

George F. Morris.

MARY OF CASTLE CARY.

"SAW ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?
 Saw ye my true-love down by yon lea?
 Crossed she the meadow, yestreen, at the gloaming?
 Sought she the burnie, where flowers the haw-
 tree?"

"Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-
 white;

Dark is the blue o'er her saft-rolling ee!
 Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
 Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I sawna your wee thing; I sawna your ain thing;
 Nor saw I your true-love down by yon lea;
 But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree.

"Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-
 white;

Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling ee!
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me."

"It wasna my wee thing; it wasna mine ain thing;
 It wasna my true-love ye met by the tree;
 Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature;
 She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.

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"Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle Cary;
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee;
Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee."

"It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle Cary;
It was then your true-love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me."

Sair gloomed his dark brow; blood-red his cheek
grew;

Wild flashed the fire frae his red-rolling ee!

"Ye's rue sair this morning your boasting and
scorning;

Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie!"

"Awa wi' beguiling," cried the youth smiling;
Aff gade the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom sha'ing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark-rolling ee!

"Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
Is it my true-love here that I see?"

"O, Jamie, forgie me! your heart's constant to
me—

I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee."

Hector Macneil.

A HEART FOR EVERY ONE.

O, THERE'S a heart for every one,
If every one could find it !
Then up, and seek, ere youth is gone !
Whate'er the toil, ne'er mind it' —
For if you chance to meet at last
With that *one* heart, intended
To be a blessing unsurpassed,
Till life itself is ended,
How would you prize the labor done !
How grieved if you'd resigned it !
For there's a heart for every one,
If every one could find it.

Two hearts are made, the angels say,
To suit each other dearly ;
But each one takes a different way, —
A way not found so clearly !
Yet though we seek and seek for years,
The pains is worth the taking ;
For what the life of home endears
Like hearts of angels making ?
Then haste, and guard the treasure won,
When fondly you've enshrined it ;
For there's a heart for every one,
If every one could find it !

Charles Swain.

SERRANA.

I NE'ER on the border
Saw girl fair as Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

Once making a journey
To Santa Maria
Of Calataveño,
From weary desire
Of sleep, down a valley
I strayed, where young Rosa
I saw, the milk-maiden
Of lone Finojosa.

In a pleasant green meadow,
'Midst roses and grasses,
Her herd she was tending,
With other fair lasses ;
So lovely her aspect,
I could not suppose her
A simple milk-maiden
Of rude Finojosa.

I think not primroses
Have half her smile's sweetness,
Or mild, modest beauty ;
I speak with discreetness.

O, had I beforehand
But known of this Rosa,
The lovely milk-maiden
Of fair Finojosa ;—

Her very great beauty
Had not so subdued,
Because it had left me,
To do as I would !
I have said more, O fair one,
By learning 'twas Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

Lope de Mendoza, (Spanish.)

BEAUTY.

He came across the meadow-pass,
That summer eve of eves —
The sunlight streamed along the grass
And glanced amid the leaves ;
And from the shrubbery below,
And from the garden trees,
He heard the thrushes' music flow,
And humming of the bees ;
The garden-gate was swung apart —
The space was brief between ;
But there, for throbbing of his heart,
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden gate;
He looked, and scarce he breathed;
Within the little porch she sate,
With woodbine overwreathed;
Her eyes upon her work were bent,
Unconscious who was nigh;
But oft the needle slowly went,
And oft did idle lie;
And ever to her lips arose
Sweet fragments sweetly sung;
But ever, ere the notes could close,
She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies, as they come and go,
Her pure face speaks the while,
For now it is a flitting glow,
And now a breaking smile;
And now it is a graver shade,
When holier thoughts are there —
An angel's pinion might be stayed
To see a sight so fair,
But still they hid her looks of light,
Those downcast eyelids pale —
Two lovely clouds, so silken white,
Two lovelier stars that veil.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

GENTEEL in personage,
 Conduct and equipage ;
 Noble by heritage,
 Generous and free ;

Brave, not romantic ;
 Learned, not pedantic ;
 Frolic, not frantic —
 This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
 Meanness disdaining,
 Still entertaining,
 Engaging and new ;

Neat, but not finical ;
 Sage, but not cynical ;
 Never tyrannical,
 But ever true.

Anonymous.

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THE PROPHECY.

LET me gaze a while on that marble brow,
On that full dark eye, on that cheek's warm glow ;
Let me gaze for a moment, that, ere I die,
I may read thee, maiden, a prophecy.
That brow may beam in glory a while ;
That cheek may bloom, and that lip may smile ;
That full dark eye may brightly beam
In life's gay morn, in Hope's young dream ;
But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,
And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.
I know by that spirit so haughty and high,
I know by that brightly flashing eye,
That, maiden, there's that within thy breast
Which hath marked thee out for a soul unblest ;
The strife of love with pride shall wring
Thy youthful bosom's tenderest string ;
And the cup of sorrow, mingled for thee,
Shall be drained to the dregs in agony.
Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye
A dark and a doubtful prophecy.
Thou shalt love, and that love shall be thy curse ;
Thou wilt need no heavier, shalt feel no worse.
I see the cloud and the tempest near ;
The voice of the troubled tide I hear ;

The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief,
The rushing waves of a wretched life ;
Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
And, maiden, thy loved one is there with thee.
Not a star in the heavens, not a light on the wave !
Maiden, I've gazed on thine early grave.
When I am cold, and the hand of Death
Hath crowned my brow with an icy wreath ;
When the dew hangs damp on this motionless lip ;
When this eye is closed in its long, last sleep —
Then, maiden, pause, when thy heart beats high,
And think on my last, sad prophecy.

Lucretia Maria Davidson.

THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

To make my Lady's obsequies
My love a minster wrought,
And, in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought ;
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave,
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved : " Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue :
The gold doth shew her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true ;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portrayed,
When gracious God with both his hands
Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more : my heart doth faint
When I the life recall
Of her, who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all —
That in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his paradise,
And with his saints to reign ;
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But nought our tears avail, or cries :
All soon or late in death shall sleep ;
Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

Charles Duke of Orleans, (French.)

YOUTHFUL FRIENDS.

MY early friends, friends of my evil day ;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too ;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love ;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides ;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy ;
Companions of my young desires ; in doubt,
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
O, I remember, and will ne'er forget
Our meeting-spots, our chosen, sacred hours,
Our burning words, that uttered all the soul ;
Our faces beaming with unearthly love ;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.
As birds of social feather, helping each
His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,
With all her tardy, leaden-footed cares,
And talked the speech, and ate the food of heaven !

Pollok.

THE MAIDEN'S FIRST LOVE.

SOFT as the perfumed twilight breeze
That floats through pearly halls above,
Was the sweet trembling voice that first
Woke in her heart the dream of love.
So gentle, guileless, pure, and free,
Her young heart owned the mystic power,
And love dreams nestled round her soul
Like dew upon a sleeping flower.

O, she was beautiful ! her brow
Was pure as driven Alpine snow,
And her soft rounded cheeks were tinged
With beauty's crimson ebbing glow.
Her locks were silken, soft and bright ;
And the sweet languor of her eyes
Was like the trembling twilight star
Just paling in the quiet skies.

But he who woke this soft, sweet dream,
Alas ! was false, and cold, and vain,
And needed not a broken heart,
A weary life of languid pain.
He knew she loved him, warmly, true, —
Ah ! loved him more than words can tell ;
And yet he crushed her trusting heart,
And parted with a cold farewell.

He left her in her quiet home
To languish out a life of pain ;
He left her with the parting word
That they should never meet again.
But others came, and sought to win
Her from the memories of yore ;
But, O, the young heart once betrayed,
Alas ! alas ! would trust no more.

He wandered 'neath a brighter sky,
In lands of beauty, wealth, and art,
And won the fond, impassioned love
Of many a young and noble heart ;
But she, that gentle, trusting one,
Too proud to murmur or complain,
Lived out a weary, weary life,
But never, never breathed his name !





BRIDAL SONG.

To the sound of timbrels sweet,
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee on the road
To the virgin's blest abode ;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou has left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceased ;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door,
That the favored youth admits
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din
At the bridegroom's entering in, —
Entering in, a welcome guest,
To the chamber of his rest.

Henry Hart Millman.

CHARLIE.

—— " A mortal shape endued
 With love and life and light and deity,
 And motion that may change but cannot die ;
 An image of some bright Eternity ;
 A shadow of some golden dream." *Shelley.*

I KNOW the angels have blue eyes,
 Or I'd not love them as I do —
 Ay, by the azure of their skies
 And by my dreams their eyes are blue ;
 And sure, the lips and brows of heaven,
 Charlie, are moulded like thine own,
 And to its voices there is given
 The melting music of *thy* tone.
 And so the angels are like thee —
 Or thus they ever seem to me.

If this light verse should meet thine eye,
 Do not mistake its meaning, boy.
 'Tis true that, as in hours gone by,
 Thou art a loveliness and joy ;
 And thou wert more than this, I know —
 But, Charlie, 'twas two years ago !

* * * * *

Sometimes adown the twilight past,
 'Mid mists and shadows hushed and dim,
 I see thee, as I saw thee last,
 Listing the autumn wind's wild hymn,
 As though thy pensive spirit heard
 Prophet voices in its sighing ;
 And gazing where one lonesome bird
 Far through the cold, gray clouds was
 flying.

How blue and fathomless thine eyes
 Watched that air-wanderer's silent flight—
 As if thy soul, like it, would rise
 And lose itself away in light !
 Though without wave or curl, thy hair
 Fell golden, carelessly and low ;
 The gentlest grace was in thine air ;
 Thy brow was blue-veined, and like snow ;
 And sweetest dimples nestled in
 The pure, pale cheek and rounded chin.
 In sooth, thou wert the brightest one
 Mine eyes had ever looked upon—
 And thus I will remember thee,
 Thou *vision-like* Reality !

* * * * *

In that old wood where oft I've seen
 Thee, in thy hunter-costume, rove,
 And gazed upon thee till I ween
 My *admiration* seemed like love ;

In that old wood, upon *that* tree
 Thy name I've written o'er and o'er —
 But there, since then, ah me — ah me !
 I might have written — *many more* !

* * * * *

If e'er I loved thee it was well —
 But then I do not love thee now ;
 Thy *beauty* haunts me like a spell,
 But only as a dream art *thou*.
 A dream, a loveliness, a joy
 Thou art, and will be, brightest boy,
 And thou wert more than this, I know —
 But, Charlie, 'twas two years ago !

Sallie M. Bryan.

CONSOLATION.

SHE is dead !
 Waxen lily, perfume fled —
 Lay her in her coffin bed.
 Mother fair,
 Anguished father kneeling there,
 Cease your wild, distracted prayer !

Angel bands,
 Golden harps within their hands,
 Wait upon celestial strands,
 Where the tide
 Rolling o'er Death's ocean wide,
 Bears your loved one to their side.

“Come away !”
Called they to her, night and day —
“Earth is dark, no longer stay :
Here no night
Comes to dim our radiant light ;
Here, no sin, no sorrow blight.

“Come, come *now*,
While the seal upon thy brow
Radiates how pure art thou !
Happier home
Awaits thee 'neath his blessed dome,
Who saith unto his chosen, ‘Come !’”

She has passed
The barrier which we all at last
Must leap. How blessed the lot so cast —
Thus to go,
Without a stain of sin or woe,
From the dark journey here below.

Let no gloom
Shroud her form — from flower-decked
room
Bear her to no ponderous tomb ;
'Neath the sod
Lay her softly — thanking God
Who spares her from the chastening rod !

HARRY AND I.

WE stood where the snake-like ivy
Climbed over the meadow bars,
And watched as the young Night sprinkled
The sky with her cream-white stars.
The clover was red beneath us ;
The air had a smell of June ;
The cricket chirped in the grasses,
And the soft rays of the moon

Drew our shadows out on the meadow,
Distorted, and lank, and tall ;
His shadow was kissing my shadow —
That was the best of all.
My heart leaped up as he whispered,
“ I love you, Margery Lee,”
For then one arm of the shadow
Went round the shadow of me.

“ I love you, Margery, darling,
Because you are young and fair ;
For your eyes' bewildering blueness,
And the gold of your curling hair.
No queen has hands that are whiter ;
No lark has a voice so sweet ;
And your ripe young lips are redder
Than the clover at our feet.

" My heart will break with its fulness,
Like a cloud o'ercharged with rain ;
O tell me, Margery, darling,
How long I must love in vain ? "
With blushes and smiles I answered —
(I will not tell what) — just then
I saw that his saucy shadow
Was kissing my own again.

He promised to love me only —
I promised to love but him —
Till the moon fell out of the heavens,
And the stars with age grew dim.
O, the strength of man's devotion !
O, the vows a woman speaks !
'Tis years since that blush of rapture
Broke redly over my cheeks.

He found a gold that was brighter
Than that of my floating curls,
And married a cross-eyed widow,
With a dozen grown-up girls.
And I — did I pine and languish ?
Did I weep my blue eyes sore ?
Or break my heart, do you fancy,
For love that was mine no more ?

I stand to-night in the meadow
Where Harry and I stood then,
And the moon has drawn two shadows
Out over the grass again.
And a low voice keeps repeating,
So close to my startled ear,
That the shadows melt together —
“I love you, Margery, dear.

“ ’Tis not for your cheeks’ rich crimson,
And not for your eyes’ soft blue;
But because your heart is tender,
And noble, and pure, and true.”
The voice is dearer than Harry’s,
And so I am glad, you see,
He married the cross-eyed widow —
Instead of Margery Lee.

Josie S. Hunt.

THE SPARTAN BOY.

WHEN I the memory repeat
Of the heroic actions great,
Which, in contempt of pain and death,
Were done by men who drew their breath
In ages past, I find no deed
That can in fortitude exceed
The noble boy, in Sparta bred,
Who in the temple ministered.
By the sacrifice he stands,
The lighted incense in his hands ;
Through the smoking censer's lid
Dropped a burning coal, which slid
Into his sleeve, and passed in
Between the folds, e'en to the skin.
Dire was the pain which then he proved,
But not for this his sleeve he moved,
Or would the scorching ember shake
Out from the folds, lest it should make
Any confusion, or excite
Disturbance at the sacred rite ;
But close he kept the burning coal,
Till it eat itself a hole
In his flesh. The standers-by
Saw no sign, and heard no cry.

All this he did in noble scorn,
And for he was a Spartan born.
Young student who this story readest,
And with the same thy thoughts now feedest,
Thy weaker nerves might thee forbid
To do the thing the Spartan did ;
Thy feebler heart could not sustain
Such dire extremity of pain.
But in this story thou mayst see
That may useful prove to thee.
By this example thou wilt find,
That to the ingenuous mind,
Shame can greater anguish bring
Than the body's suffering ;
That pain is not the worst of ills, —
Not when it the body kills ;
That in fair religion's cause,
For thy country, or the laws,
When occasion dire shall offer,
'Tis reproachful not to suffer.

Miss Lamb.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

I HAVE built a rushen boat,
Trimmed it with a silken sail,
Launched it on the quiet pool,
Fringed by willow shadows cool,
Safe from the storm and gale.

Freighted it with precious things,—
With the daisy's silver sheen,
Kinecups, with their golden hue,
Violets of tenderest blue,
Leaves of emerald green.

Beetles, in their jewelled coats,
Row it o'er the mimic sea;
And a golden dragon-fly,
With sapphire crest and diamond eye,
Shall my pilot be.

Evening now o'er field and glen
Slowly draws her mantle damp;
But a glow-worm, if 'tis dark,
On the prow, a glittering spark,
Lights his tiny lamp.

And this plummy butterfly
Shall my careful captain be ;
He shall traffic with my store,
Bringing from a foreign shore
Treasures back to me.

I have heard my mother say,
When we sought her grace to win,
" Children, you shall have your will,
All you ask, and further still,
When my ship comes in ! "

So, when mine comes back from sea,
All her risk and peril o'er,
I will share it, frank and free ;
Many shall be rich with me,
From my treasure-store.

For my mother, berries sweet
Then shall bring my bonny boat ;
For my father, fill her hold
With ripe corn, like grains of gold,
'Till she scarce can float.

For my brother, acorns, nuts,
As his squirrel's dainty fare ;
Graceful heron's plumes shall twine
For thy tresses, sister mine —
These my ship shall bear.

Ah! she strikes on unseen rocks!
Quivers — plunges — then goes down:
Every surging wave doth hold
Blooms of silver or of gold
On its ripples thrown.

Gone her captain; far away
Doth her faithless pilot flee;
Only 'mid the waters dark
Gleams once more the glow-worm's spark,
Then sinks beneath the sea.

Where are all my treasures gone?
Woe is me! for now they sleep —
Silver daisies, violets blue,
Kingcups with their golden hue —
For the hungry deep.

I can build another boat,
Freight it richly as before;
All such simple wealth is free
To my hand, on every lea
Scattered thickly o'er.

But, alas! for those who risk
On the perilous deep
All their gold of hands or heart,
When their riches thus depart,
'Neath the waves to sleep.

Many keep a weary watch
Through the world's incessant din,
Sitting idly on the sands,
With straining eyes and outstretched hands,
To see their ships come in.

Bravely, when they leave the shore,
Do they breast the white waves' foam ;
Though the blue sky smile serene,
Many tempests lie between,
And how few come home !

Angels, keeping solemn watch
O'er all wandering barks that roam
On " life's dim, unsounded sea,"
From its shoals and rocks set free,
Guide them safely home !

Frances F. Broderip, (daughter of Tom Hood.)

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

WHAT eyes you have, you wild gazelle o' the
plain!

You fierce hind o' the forest! now they flash,
Now glow; now in their own dark down-dropped
shade

Conceal themselves a moment, as some thought,
Too brief to be a feeling, flits across
The April cloudland of your careless soul —
There — that light laugh — and 'tis full, sun-full
day.

Would I could paint you, line by line, ere Time
Touches the gorgeous picture! your ripe mouth,
Your white-arched throat, your statue like to
Saul's

Among his brethren, yet so fitly framed
In such harmonious symmetry, we say,
As of a cedar among common trees,
Never "How tall!" but only "O, how fair!"

Woman, upon whom is laid
Heaven's own sign-manual, Beauty, mock Heaven
not!

Reverence thy loveliness — the outward type
Of things we understand not, nor behold
But as in a glass, darkly ; wear it thou
With awful gladness, glad humility,
That not contemns, nor boasts, nor is ashamed,
But lifts its face up prayerfully to heaven :
“Thou who hast made me, make me worthy
thee !”

Miss Muloch.

“FADING, STILL FADING.”

FADING, still fading ! is traced on each flower,
And written with gold in the west,
When crimson-tinged clouds, at sunset's sweet
hour,

Raise the heart to the land of the blest.

Faded and gone are the hopes of our youth,
That painted the future so fair ;
And, O, how impressive these three words of
truth,

“Fading, still fading !” ah, yes, every where !

Fading, still fading ! wherever I turn,
Some beautiful thing is passing away ;
For Death claims the fairest to sleep in his urn,
Far down in the graveyard's cold clay.

John W. Beagell.



THE COQUETTE.

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A LOST LOVE.

So fair and yet so desolate ;
So wan, and yet so young ;
O, there is grief too deep for tears,
Too sealed for tell-tale tongue !
With a faded floweret in her hand,
Poor little hand so white !
And dim blue eye, from her casement high
She looks upon the night.

Only a little rosebud —
Only a simple flower —
But it blooms no more as it seemed to bloom
Through many a lone, lone hour.
As they float from her fevered touch away —
The petals withered and brown —
All the hopes she deemed too bright to be dreamed
Sink trembling and fluttering down.

It needs no hush of the Present
To call back the sweet, calm Past ;
The lightest summer murmuring
May be heard through the wintry blast ;
And the wind is rough with sob and with sough
To-night upon gable and tree,
Till the bare elms wail like spectres pale,
And the pines like a passionate sea.

But she thinks of a dreamy twilight
On the garden walk below,
Of the laurels whispering in their sleep,
And the white rose in full blow.
The early moon had sunk away
Like some pale queen, to die
In the costly shroud of an opal cloud
To the June air's tremulous sigh.

All, all too freshly real ;
The soft subdued eclipse,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
And the thrill of the wedded lips ;
Those tender memories, how they flush
Pale cheek and brow again,
Though heart be changed, and lip estranged,
That swore such loving then !

'Tis but the old, old story
Sung so often in vain ;
For man all the freedom of passion,
For woman the calm and the pain.
Tell it the soul whose grief is read
In the poor, pale, suffering face,
It will still cling on to love that is gone
With the warmth of its first embrace.

O, 'tis well for the careless spirit
To weave the web of rhyme,
And prison the idle memories
That float on the breath of Time;
But better for many an aching heart,
If ever it might be so,
To forget, to forget the light that hath set,
And the dreams of long ago.

Once a Week.

“WHICH IS THE BEAUTY?”

I SEE her ; 'tis she with her large dark eyes,
That glance like light over evening skies ;
Her hair in ringlets fluttering free,
And her lips that move with melody.

“ Not she. There's a beauty I higher prize
Than the fringed glance of those radiant eyes.”

I see her ; 'tis she of the ivory brow
And heaven-tinged orbs : I know her now,
With her glancing step, and look of life,
And voice outbreaking in music's strife.

"Not she. There's a beauty that lovelier glows,
Though her coral lip with melody flows."

Then it must be she of the brilliant mind,
With her spirit attuned to thoughts refined,
With her high look soaring away, away,
To ideal worlds where angels stray.

"Not she. There's another more lovely still,
With a chastened mind and a tempered will."

I see her; 'tis *goodness* that gilds her brow,
Like the sun on the fruit of an autumn bough;
I can read her heart like an opening book,
Through each change serene of her innocent look.

"Yes; this is the beauty that blossoms fair,
And will blossom for aye, in life's garden of
care."

C. C.

AN ANGEL IN THE WAY.

FAIR the downward path is spread,
Love and light thy coming greet,
Fruit is blushing o'er thy head,
Flowers are growing 'neath thy feet;
Mirth and sin, with tossing hands,
Wave thee on, a willing prey;
Yet an instant pause—there stands
An Angel in the way.

Heed the heavenly warning—know
Fairest flowers thy feet may trip;
Fruit, that like the sunset glow,
Turns to ashes on the lip;
Though the joys be wild and free,
Though the path be bright and gay.
Even mortal eye can see
An Angel in the way.

Wilt thou drown in worldly pleasures?
Wilt thou have, like him of old,
Length of days and store of treasures,
Wisdom, glory, power, and gold?
Life and limbs shall sickness waste,
Want shall grind thee day by day;
Still to win thee God hath placed
An Angel in the way.

Trusting all yon things that perish,
Shall a hopeless faith be thine?
Every idol wilt thou cherish?
Bow before an earthly shrine?
Meet rebuke to mortal love,
Yearning for a child of clay,
Death shall cross thy path and prove
An Angel in the way.

When the prophet thought to sin,
Tempted by his heathen guide;
When a prince's grace to win,
Prophet lips would fain have lied;
Even the brute the same controlled,
Found a human voice to say,
"Master, smite me not" — Behold
An Angel in the way?

So when Vice, to lure her slave,
Woos him down the shining track,
Spirit hands are stretched to save,
Spirit voices warn him back.
Heart of man! to evil prone,
Chafe not at thy sin's delay;
Bow thee humbly down, and own
An Angel in the way.

Frazer's Magazine.

TO A YOUNG MAN ON HIS BECOMING
OF AGE.

My dear young friend, thy natal day
The balmy breath of spring doth fan ;
The budding, merry month of May,
First hailed the child, and now the man

Thy life hath been, as yet, all spring ;
Warm sunshine, dew, and genial showers,
Thus far, have lent their aid to bring
Thy steps along a path of flowers.

But now thy country calls thee forth,
And thou must yield to her command,
And wear the title of thy birth —
A sovereign in this glorious land.

For this, thy heritage, rejoice ;
But set thy heart above the sway
Of Pleasure's soft, alluring voice,
That would thy footsteps lead astray.

Fix high thy purpose in the right ,
Take Truth and Virtue by the arm,
And thou shalt reach so fair a height,
The shafts of Envy shall not harm.

Yet from life's higher, wider span,
Deem not thy obligation less,
But greater to thy fellow-man,
To pity, elevate, and bless.

Thy gifts are generous, and thy heart
Is full of feeling, kind and warm ;
If guided right, these will impart
To thee a joy, — thy life a charm.

Thus thou shalt pass from youth to age,
Dispensing blessings like the sun ;
And, being summoned, leave the stage,
Thy journey and thy work well done.

D. Bates.

SAID A LITTLE SONG OF ARCADY.

THE robin is a ruby,
And the milk-white dove a pearl;
And so your lips are robins,
Doves your bosom, little girl!
What, then, shall I call you,
Pet, when you are mine?
Said a little song of Arcady
We sang upon the Rhine.

You speak: I hear the robins
Singing east and west;
And I know the dainty doves
That nestle at your breast!
What, then, shall I call you,
Pet, when you are mine?
Said a little song of Arcady
We sang upon the Rhine.

Shall I call you ruby,
Robin, pearl, or dove?
You pout. Then I will only
Call you Love, only Love!
That is all I'll call you,
Pet, when you are mine!
Said a little song of Arcady
We sang upon the Rhine.

T. B. Aldrich.

REFLECTIONS OF A BELLE.

I'M weary of the crowded ball ; I'm weary of the
mirth
Which never lifts itself above the grosser things
of earth ;
I'm weary of the flatterer's tone : its music is no
more,
And eye and lip may answer not its meaning as
before ;
I'm weary of the heartless throng — of being
deemed as one
Whose spirit kindles only in the blaze of Fashion's
sun.

I speak in very bitterness ; for I have deeply felt
The mockery of the hollow shrine at which my
spirit knelt ;
Mine is the requiem of years, in reckless folly
passed,
The wail above departed hopes on a frail venture
cast,
The vain regret that steals above the wreck of
squandered hours,
Like the sighing of the autumn wind above the
faded flowers.

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O, it is worse than mockery to list the flatterer's
tone,
To lend a ready ear to thoughts the cheek must
blush to own, —
To hear the red lip whispered of, and the flowing
curl and eye
Made constant themes of eulogy, extravagant and
high, —
And the charm of person worshipped, in a hom-
age offered not
To the perfect charm of virtue, and the majesty
of thought.

Away! I will not fetter thus the spirit God hath
given,
Nor stoop the pinion back to earth that beareth
up to heaven;
I will not bow a tameless heart to fashion's iron
rule,
Nor welcome, with a smile, alike the gifted and
the fool:
No—let the throng pass coldly on; a treasured
few may find
The charm of person doubly dear beneath the
light of mind.

N. E. Weekly Review.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

He sang so wildly, did the boy,
That you could never tell
If 'twas a madman's voice you heard,
Or if the spirit of a bird
Within his heart did dwell —
A bird that dallies with his voice ;
Among the matted branches ;
Or on the free blue air his note,
To pierce, and fall, and rise, and float,
With bolder utterance launches.
None ever was so sweet as he,
The boy that wildly sang to me ;
Though toilsome was the way and long,
He led me, not to lose the song.

But when again we stood below
The unhidden sky, his feet
Grew slacker, and his note more slow,
But more than doubly sweet.
He led me then a little way
Athwart the barren moor,
And there he staid, and bade me stay,
Beside a cottage door.

I could have staid of mine own will,
In truth, my eye and heart to fill
With the sweet sight which I saw there,
At the dwelling of the cottager.
A little in the doorway sitting,
The mother plied her busy knitting;
And her cheek so softly smiled,
You might be sure, although her gaze
Was on the meshes of the lace,
Yet her thoughts were with her child.

But when the boy had heard her voice,
As o'er her work she did rejoice,
His became silent altogether;
And slyly creeping by the wall,
He seized a single plume, let fall
By some wild bird of longest feather,
And all a-tremble with his freak,
He touched her lightly on the cheek.

O, what a loveliness her eyes
Gather in that one moment's space,
While peeping round the post she spies
Her darling's laughing face!
O, mother's love is glorifying,
On the cheek like sunset lying;
In the eyes a moistened light,
Softer than the moon at night!

Thomas Burbidge.

THE MAY QUEEN.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear ;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the blithe
New Year ;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest,
merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May !

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but
none so bright as mine ;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Car-
oline ;
But none so fair as little Alice, in all the land, they
say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall
never wake,
If ye do not call me loud, when the day begins to
break ;
For I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and
garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye I should
see,
But Robin, leaning on the bridge, beneath the
hazel tree ;
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him
yesterday, —
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all
in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash o'
light.
They call me cruel-hearted ; but I care not what
they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, — but that can
never be ;
They say his heart is breaking, mother, — but what
is that to me ?
There's many a bolder lad'll woo me, any summer
day, —
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the
 green,
 And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made
 the Queen;
 For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from
 far away,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its
 wavy bowers,
 And by the meadow trenches blow the faint, sweet
 cuckoo-flowers,
 And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in
 swamps and hollows gray,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the
 meadow grass,
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten
 as they pass;
 There will not be a drop o' rain the whole of the
 livelong day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 Queen o' the May

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh, and green, and
still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the
hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily
glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear ;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the blithe
New Year ;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, mer-
riest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early,
mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New
Year ;
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see,
Then ye may lay me low in the mould, and think
no more o' me.

To-night I saw the sun set; he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my
 peace of mind;
And the New Year's coming up, mother, but I
 shall never see
The May upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the
 tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a
 merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made
 me Queen o' May;
And we danced about the May-pole, and in the
 hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain* came out above the tall, white
 chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is
 on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again;
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out
 on high;
I long to see a flower so, before the day I die.

* A constellation in the heavens.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy, tall elm
tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea ;
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer
o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the moulder-
ing grave.

Upon the chancel casement and upon that grave o'
mine,
In the early, early morning, the summer sun 'll
shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the
hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the
world is still ;—

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the
waving light,
Ye'll never see me more in the long, gray fields at
night ;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs
blow cool
On the oat grass and the sword grass and the bul-
rush in the pool.

Ye'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the haw-
thorn shade,
And ye'll come sometimes and see me where I am
lowly laid ;
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you
when you pass
With your feet above my head, in the long and
pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward ; but ye 'll forgive
me now ;
Ye'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek
and brow ;
Nay, — nay, — ye must not weep, nor let your grief
be wild ;
Ye shall not fret for me, mother, ye have another
child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my
resting place ;
Though ye'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon
your face ;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken
what you say,
And be often and often with you, when ye think
I'm far away.

Good night, good night ! when I have said good
night forevermore,
And ye see me carried out from the threshold of
the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be
growing green ;
She'll be a better child to you than I have ever
been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor ;
Let her take 'em ; they are hers ; I shall never
garden more ;
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush
that I set
About the parlor window, and the box of migno-
nette.

Good night, sweet mother ! call me when it begins
to dawn ;
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New
Year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother
dear.

Tennyson.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

To Miss E. C. — Composed on a blank leaf of her "Paley,"
during recitation.

I'm thy guardian angel, sweet maid, and I rest
In mine own chosen temple, thy innocent breast;
At midnight I steal from my sacred retreat,
When the chords of thy heart in soft unison beat.

When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark
tresses flow
In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillow of snow,
O, then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art,
And listen to music which steals from thy heart.

Thy smile is the sunshine which gladdens my
soul;
My tempest, the clouds which around thee may
roll;
I feast my light form on thy rapture-breathed
sighs,
And drink at the fount of those beautiful eyes.

The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me ;
There are some which, half breathed, half acknowledged by thee,
Steal sweetly and silently o'er thy pure breast,
Just ruffling its calmness, then murmuring to rest.

Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathlessly
lies,
With its own mimic mountains, and star-spangled
skies,
I stretch my light pinions around thee when
sleeping,
To guard thee from spirits of sorrow and weeping.

I breathe o'er thy slumbers sweet dreams of
delight,
Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of
night ;
Then remember, wherever your pathway may lie,
Be it clouded with sorrow, or brilliant with joy,

My spirit shall watch thee, wherever thou art,
My incense shall rise from the throne of thy
heart.
Farewell ! for the shadows of evening are fled,
And the young rays of morning are wreathed
round my head.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I WOULD not tell thee, for the world,
Thy early love will change ;
I would not see thy sweet lip curled
In scorn of words so strange.

I would not bid thy smiles away,
Nor quell that speaking blush ;
For happy spirits lend the ray,
And timid thoughts the flush.

Yet, love is but a dangerous guest
For hearts so young as thine ;
Where youth's unshadowed joy should rest,
Life's spring-time fancies shine.

Too soon — O, all too soon ! — would come,
In later years, the spell,
Touching, with changing hues, the path
Where once but sunlight fell.

Then, sweetest, leave the wildering dream,
Till Time has nerved thy heart
To brook the fitful cloud and gleam,
Which must in love have part.

Ah! life has many a blesséd hour
That passion never knows!
And youth may gather many a flower
Beside the blushing rose.

Turn to thy books, my gentle girl,—
They will not dim thine eyes;
That hair will all as richly curl,
That blush as brightly rise.

Turn to thy friends! A smile as fond,
On friendship's lip may be,
And breathing from a heart as warm
As love can offer thee.

Turn to thy home! Affection wreathes
Her dearest garland there;
And more than all, a mother breathes
For thee — for thee her prayer.

Ay, life has many a hallowed hour
That passion never knows!
And youth may often find a flower
More precious than the rose.*

* The flower of Love.

I SEE THEE STILL.

I rocked her in the cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the *youngest*.
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
Of that sweet tie? The youngest ne'er grow old;
The fond endearments of our earlier days
We keep alive in them: and when they die,
Our youthful joys we bury with them.

I SEE thee still;
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old;
Then thy soft arms my neck infold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear:
In every scene to memory dear
I see thee still.

I see thee still,
In every hallowed token round;
This little ring thy finger bound;
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded;
This silken chain by thee was braided;
These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
Sweet SISTER, thou didst cull for me;

This book was thine ; here didst thou read ;
This picture — ah ! yes, here indeed
I see thee still.

I see thee still ;
Here was thy summer noon's retreat ;
Here was thy favorite fireside seat ;
This was thy chamber — here, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay :
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie ;
Here, on this pillow, thou didst die.
Dark hour ! once more its woes unfold :
As then I saw thee, pale and cold
I see thee still.

I see thee still ;
Thou art not in the grave confined —
Death cannot claim the immortal Mind ;
Let Earth close o'er its sacred trust ;
But Goodness dies not in the dust ;
Thee, O my SISTER ! 'tis not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see ;
Thou to a fairer land art gone ;
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still !

Charles Sprague.

THE ADIEU.

WE'LL miss her at the morning hour,
When leaves and eyes unclose,
When sunshine calls the dewy flower
To waken from repose ;
For, like the singing of a bird,
When first the sunbeams fall,
The gladness of her voice was heard
The earliest of us all.

We'll miss her at the evening time,
For then her voice and lute
Best loved to sing some sweet old rhyme,
When other sounds were mute :
Twined round the ancient window-seat,
While she was singing there,
The jasmine from outside would meet,
And wreathe her fragrant hair.

We'll miss her when we gather round
Our blazing hearth at night,
When ancient memories abound,
Or hopes where all unite :
And pleasant talk of years to come —
Those years our fancies frame.
Ah ! she has now another home,
And bears another name.

Her heart is not with our old hall,
Nor with the things of yore ;
And yet, methinks she must recall
What was so dear before.
She wept to leave the fond roof where
She had been loved so long,
Though glad the peal upon the air,
And gay the bridal throng.

Yes, Memory has honey cells,
And some of them are ours ;
For in the sweetest of them dwells
The dream of early hours.
The hearth, the hall, the window-seat
Will bring us to her mind ;
In yon wide world she cannot meet
All that she left behind.

Loved, and beloved, her own sweet will
It was that made her fate ;
She has a fairy home — but still
Our own seems desolate.
We may not wish her back again,
Not for her own dear sake :
O, Love, to form one happy chain,
How many thou must break !

THE BRIDE.

I CAME, — but she was gone.

In her fair home,
There lay her lute, just as she touched it last,
At summer twilight, when the woodbine cups
Filled with pure fragrance. On her favorite seat
Lay the still open work-box, and that book
Which last she read, its pencilled margin marked
By an ill-quoted passage, — traced, perchance,
With hand unconscious, while her lover spake
That dialect, which brings forgetfulness
Of all beside. It was the cherished home,
Where from her childhood she had been the star
Of hope and joy.

I came, — and she was gone.
Yet I had seen her from the altar led,
With silvery veil but slightly swept aside,
The fresh young rosebud deepening in her cheek,
And on her brow the sweet and solemn thought
Of one who gives a priceless gift away.
And there was silence 'mid the gathered throng.
The stranger, and the hard of heart, did draw
Their breath suppressed, to see the mother's lip
Turn ghastly pale, and the majestic sire
Shrink as with smothered sorrow, when he gave
His darling to an untried guardianship,
And to a far off clime.

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Traversed the grass-grown prairies, and the shore
Of the cold lakes ; or those o'erhanging cliffs
And pathless mountain tops, that rose to bar
Her log-reared mansion from the anxious eye
Of kindred and of friend. Even triflers felt
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
That, taking in its hand its thornless joys,
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
Yea ! and its own life also, — lays them all
Meek and unblenching, on a mortal's breast,
Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope
Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth

A scene like this, ye laughter-loving ones ! —
The licensed jester's lip, the dancer's heel —
What do they here ?

Joy, serious and sublime,

Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand,
Filled with Life's dewy flowerets, girdeth on
That harness, which the ministry of Death
Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power
May stamp the sentence of Eternity.

Mrs. Sigourney.

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love;—

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, O,
The difference to me !





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TO HIS DAUGHTER.

O, DAUGHTER dear, my darling child,
Prop of my mortal pilgrimage,
Thou who hast care and pain beguiled,
And wreathed with Spring my wintry age! —
Through thee a second prospect opes
Of life, when but to live is glee;
And jocund joys and youthful hopes
Come thronging to my heart through thee.

Backward thou lead'st me to the bowers
Where love and youth their transports gave;
While forward still thou strewest flowers,
And bidd'st me live beyond the grave;
For still my blood in thee shall flow,
Perhaps to warm a distant line;
Thy face my lineaments shall show,
And e'en my thoughts survive in thine.

Yes, daughter, when this tongue is mute,
This heart is dust, these eyes are closed —
And thou art singing to thy lute
Some stanza by thy sire composed —
To friends around thou mayst impart
A thought of him who wrote the lays,
And from the grave my form shall start,
Embodied forth to Fancy's gaze.

Then to their memories will throng
Scenes shared with him who lies in earth —
The cheerful page, the lively song,
The woodland walk, or festive mirth;
Then may they heave the pensive sigh,
That friendship seeks not to control,
And from the fixed and thoughtful eye
The half unconscious tears may roll:

Such now bedew my cheek — but mine
Are drops of gratitude and love,
That mingle human with divine —
The gift below, its source above.
How exquisitely dear thou art,
Can only be by tears expressed,
And the fond thrillings of my heart,
While thus I clasp thee to my breast!

Smith.

"ONLY A YEAR."

ONE year ago, — a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die !

Only a year, — no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die.

One year ago, — what loves, what schemes
Far into life !

What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife !

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial-stone, —
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
Remain alone

One year, — one year, — one little year !
And so much gone !
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair
Above that head ;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved ?
What hast thou seen ?
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where hast thou been ?

The veil ! the veil so thin, so strong !
"Twixt us and thee ;
The mystic veil ! when shall it fall,
That we may see ?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone ;
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear ;
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad year !

H. B. Stowe.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane ;
My life's bright dream, and early,
Hath come again ;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told, —
That spot — the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain —
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime ;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme ;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main ;
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane !

But, fairest, coldest wonder !
 Thy glorious clay
 Lieth the green sod under, —
 Alas the day !
 And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain —
 To quicken love's pale ember,
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep ;
 The pansies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep ;
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,
 Never wane,
 Where thine earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane !

Philip B. Cooke.

LIFE.

WHEN sanguine youth the plain 'of life surveys,
 It does not calculate on rainy days ;
 Some, as they enter on the unknown way,
 Expect *large* troubles at a distant day ;
 The loss of wealth, or friends they fondly prize ;
 But reckon not on ills of smaller size,
 Those nameless, trifling ills, that intervene,
 And people life, infesting every scene ;
 And there, with silent, unavowed success,
 Wear off the keener edge of happiness :
 Those teasing swarms, that buzz about our joys,
 More potent than the whirlwind that destroys ;
 Potent, with heavenly teaching, to attest
 Life is a pilgrimage, and not a rest.

That lesson, learned aright, is valued more
 Than all Experience ever taught before ;
 For this her choicest secret, timely given,
 Is wisdom, virtue, happiness, and heaven.
 Long is religion viewed, by many an eye,
 As wanted more for safety by and by ;
 A thing for times of danger and distress,
 Than needful for our present happiness.
 But after fruitless, wearisome assays
 To find repose and peace in other ways,
 The sickened soul — when Heaven imparts its
 grace —

Returns to seek its only resting place
And sweet Experience proves as years increase,
That Wisdom's ways are pleasantness and peace.

Jane Taylor.

THERE ARE GAINS FOR ALL OUR
LOSSES.

THERE are gains for all our losses—
There are balms for all our pain ;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign ;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain ;
We behold it every where,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

SONG.

GATHER ye rose-buds as ye may ;
Old Time is still a-flying ;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Time still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
And while ye may, go marry ,
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

Robert Herrick.

CONSUMPTION.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay
 When the light of beauty is fading away,
 When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
 And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone,
 And darted around its glance of power,
 And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
 That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
 Or ever was steeped in fragrant dew,
 When all that was bright and fair is fled,
 But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O, there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
 Like the perfume scenting the withered rose;
 For a nameless charm around her plays,
 And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays;
 And a veil of spotless purity
 Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye;
 Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
 Has poured her softest tint of light;
 And there is a blending of white and blue,
 Where the purple blood is melting through
 The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
 And there are tones, that sweetly speak
 Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
 And is ready to wing her flight away.

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In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments that pleasure hath
Are poured from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song,
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repressed,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast :
In this enlivened and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power ;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper, that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath
When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose ;
And the lip, that swelled with a living glow,

Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow ;
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,—
But the hectic spot that flushes there,
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honor the sun at his golden set :
O, then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling !
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long imprinted kiss !
So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
And her last fond, lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven ;
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

James Gates Percival.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

SCION of a mighty stock!
Hands of iron, — hearts of oak, —
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts,
These shall be thy only arts.

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle plain,
Ready at thy country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed.

Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth, are not for thee;
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads.

Let thy noble motto be
God, — the Country, — Liberty!
Planted on Religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger far or near ;
Spurn at baseness, spurn at fear ;
Still, with persevering might,
Speak the truth and do the right.

Where the dews of night distil
Upon Vernon's holy hill ;
Where above it, gleaming far,
Freedom lights her guiding star, —

Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high ;
Thither with devotion meet
Often turn the pilgrim feet.

So shall peace, a charming guest,
Dove-like in thy bosom rest ;
So shall honor's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days ;—

Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon the high endeavor ;
Happy if it be thy call
In the holy cause to fall.

George Ticknor.

LOVE OF STUDY.

"There are many youths, and some men, who most earnestly devote themselves to solitary studies, from the mere love of the pursuit. I have thus attempted to give some of the causes of a devotion which appears so unaccountable to the stirring world."

AND wherefore does the student trim his lamp,
And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
Are holding their high festival in heaven,
And worshipping around the midnight throne?
And wherefore does he spend so patiently,
In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours
Of youth and joyance, when the blood is warm,
And the heart full of buoyancy and fire?

He has his pleasures — he has his reward :
For there is in the company of books,
The living souls of the departed sage,
And bard, and hero ; there is in the roll
Of eloquence and history, which speak
The deeds of early and of better days ;
In these and in the visions that arise
Sublime in midnight musings, and array
Conceptions of the mighty and the good,
There is an elevating influence,
That snatches us a while from earth, and lifts
The spirit in its strong aspirings, where
Superior beings fill the court of heaven.
And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk

With high imaginings, and pictures out
Communion with the worthies of old time.

* * * * *

With eye upturned, watching the many stars,
And ear in deep attention fixed, he sits,
Communing with himself, and with the world,
The universe around him, and with all
The beings of his memory and his hopes ;
Till past becomes reality, and joys,
That beckon in the future, nearer draw,
And ask fruition, — O, there is a pure,
A hallowed feeling in these midnight dreams !
They have the light of heaven around them,
breathe

The odor of its sanctity, and are
Those moments taken from the sands of life,
Where guilt makes no intrusion, but they bloom
Like islands flowering on Arabia's wild.
And there is pleasure in the utterance
Of pleasant images in pleasant words,
Melting like melody into the ear,
And stealing on in one continual flow
Unruffled and unbroken. It is joy
Ineffable to dwell upon the lines
That register our feelings, and portray,
In colors always fresh and ever new,
Emotions that were sanctified, and loved,
As something far too tender, and too pure,
For forms so frail and fading.

James Gates Percival.



THE STUDENT.

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AN AUTUMN EVENING.

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood ;
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand,
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its Maker. Now and then the agéd leaf
Fell from his fellows, rustling to the ground ;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly
Thought,

Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled ;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder working there,

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn, that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer—
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.

This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
 Of love before his country's voice had called
 The ardent youth to honored office far
 Beyond the wave; and hither now repaired,
 Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
 Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
 "Her lover's safety, and his quick return."
 In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
 And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
 One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
 Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
 As violet meek, excessive ardor streamed,
 Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
 Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as zephyr sighs
 On morning's lily cheek, though soft and low,
 Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
 A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;
 It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
 Pure as the drops that hang, at dawning-time,
 On yonder willows by the stream of life.
 On her the moon looked steadfastly; the stars
 That circle nightly round the eternal throne
 Glanced down, well pleased; and everlasting Love
 Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.
 O, had her lover seen her thus alone,
 Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
 Nor did he not: for oftentimes Providence,
 With unexpected joy, the fervent prayer
 Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,

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The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Rapt in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward before the throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the
thought,

But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
That she was flesh and blood, formed for himself ;
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God, approving, blessed the holy joy !

Pollok.

ELLEN.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

BUT scarce again his horn he wound,
When, lo ! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay.

With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face !
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown—
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;

E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin hood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth

The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame: —
O, need I tell that passion's name?

Scott.

I NEVER WAS A FAVORITE.

I NEVER was a favorite, —
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child.
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away, to hide my tears —
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please with all
My little store of sense;
I strove to please — and infancy
Can rarely give offence;
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck!

How blesséd are the beautiful !
Love watches o'er their birth ;
O, beauty in my nursery,
I learned to know thy worth !
For even there I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn ;
And wished — for others wished it, too —
I never had been born !

I'm sure I was affectionate ;
But in my sister's face
There was a look of love that claimed
A smile or an embrace ;
But when I raised my lip to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart —
They spoke not in my eyes.

But O, that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect !
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked ;
I did not covet them ; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came,
A time of sorrow, too,
For Sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw ;
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death ;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night,
I watched beside her bed,
And fearlessly, upon my breast,
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived ! — and loved me for my care —
My grief was at an end ;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend.

Bayly.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities, I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

Robert Southey.

SONG: TO MARY.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be ;
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art —
All cold and all serene —
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill, bleak corpse I have,
That seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave —
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking, too, of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

Wolfe.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

LIKE some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden,
In the young world's prime,
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O, lonely shepherd boy:
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lowly lot,
And thine own disdaining,
Dost ask what thou hast not?

Of the future dreaming,
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming —
All but what thou hast?

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home,
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam;
Where the cowslip, bending
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour's ending
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone;
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.
Thankful to high Heaven,
Humble in thy joy,
Much to thee is given,
Lowly shepherd boy.

Latitia Elizabeth Maclean.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
As some rich woman, on a winter's morn	9
And thou art gone, sweet daughter of the lyre . . .	32
And wherefore does the student trim his lamp . .	111
But scarce again his horn he wound	116
Crabbed Age and Youth	15
Come hither, little Fairy May	7
Compare her eyes	8
Fading, still fading! is traced on each flower . . .	64
Fair the downward path is spread	69
Gather ye rose-buds as ye may	105
Genteel in personage	42
He came across the meadow-pass	40
He sang so wildly, did the boy	76
Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee	4
Higher, higher will we climb	22
I came, — but she was gone	94
I'm thy guardian angel, sweet maid, and I rest . .	86
I would not tell thee, for the world	88
I see thee still	90
I've had the heart-ache many times	34
In the most early morn	26

I loved
I ne'er
I know
I have
I see h
I'm we
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I loved
It was
I saw t
I never
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Let me
Like so
Maiden
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O, dau
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O read
Saw ye
Soft as
She is
So fair
She wa
Scion o
She dv
She wa
Touch
The w
The sh
To ma

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

127

AGE
9
32
111

116

15
7
8

64
69
105
42

40
76

4
22

94
86
88
90
34
26

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone	33
I ne'er on the border	39
I know the angels have blue eyes	50
I have built a rushen boat	59
I see her; 'tis she with her large dark eyes	67
I'm weary of the crowded ball; I'm weary of the mirth	74
I loved thee long and dearly	101
It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood	113
I saw thy form in youthful prime	25
I never was a favorite	118
If I had thought thou couldst have died	123
Let me gaze a while on that marble brow	43
Like some vision olden	124
Maiden, with the meek, brown eyes	12
My early friends, friends of my evil day	46
My dear young friend, thy natal day	71
O, there's a heart for every one	38
O, daughter dear, my darling child	97
One year ago, — a ringing voice	99
O reader! hast thou ever stood to see	121
Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing	36
Soft as the perfumed twilight breeze	47
She is dead	52
So fair and yet so desolate	65
So fair and yet so desolate	3
She walks in beauty, like the night	109
Scion of a mighty stock	96
She dwelt among the untrodden ways	20
She was an only child — her name Ginevra	
Touch us gently, Time	11
The wind came blowing out of the west	16
The shades of night were falling fast	29
To make my Lady's obsequies	44

To the sound of timbrels sweet	49
The robin is a ruby	73
There are gains for all our losses	104
The world is bright before thee	10
There is a sweetness in woman's decay	106
Three years she grew in sun and shower	23
We'll miss her at the morning hour	92
When I asked her, "Wilt thou kiss me?"	14
What is the blooming tincture of the skin	18
Where foams the fall, a tameless storm	31
We stood where the snake-like ivy	54
When I the memory repeat	57
What eyes you have, you wild gazelle o' the plain	63
When sanguine youth the plain of life surveys	103
Youth, that pursuest with such eager pace	19
You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear	78

. . . 49
. . . 73
. . . 104
. . . 10
. . . 106
. . . 23

. . . 92
. . . 14
. . . 18
. . . 31
. . . 54
. . . 57
ain 63
. . . 103

. . . 19
rly, 78
. . .

11/28
64

